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ever, incurably insane, beneath troubles too great for a sensitive nature.

But in the course of time Ole Bull lived down these ill reports, or put them to flight by the magnetism of his kind presence and his philanthropic life. Again he traversed Europe, forgetting all his sorrows in the ecstasy of creating divine airs in the ears of vast assemblages, and in active deeds of beneficence to which his hands were never closed, and his purse never empty. Amid all he prospered, and saw his family grow up in comfort and content around him. He is among us for the third time, a happier man than ever before; dear to the affections of his countrymen here and at home; and a firmer friend than ever of our country, upon which he is too just to charge the responsibility of the ill deeds of a few unprincipled men.

Watson's Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAR. 7, 1868.

PUBLICATION OFFICE, CLINTON HALL, ASTOR PLACE, where all communications should be addressed, and where subscriptions and advertisements will be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND OTHERS.—We shall be pleased to receive information from all parts of the country, on the active progress of the Arts of Music and Painting. We will pay especial attention to such information, and will duly chronicle all facts of interest. We invite all to communicate with us, with the assurance that such correspondence will meet with prompt and courteous consideration.

MRS. FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

To praise Mrs. Fanny Kemble—for so we best like to call her—were indeed a work of supererogation; to say that her reading is perfection is to platitudinize; to declare her interpretation of Shakespeare worthy his immortal works, is to assert the days are longest at midsummer; to pronounce her conception of these mighty works of the great master equalled by the delivery of them, is to utter a truism patent to the entire *literati* of the English tongue, whose dignity, strength, and beauty is so nobly maintained by this English High Priestess in Art, Fanny Kemble. Where every page of these plays, as read by this lady, must enchant alike the student, the lover, and the critic of the immortal Shakespeare, we cannot, we need not single out special scenes or dialogues for special approbation. We thought often, during the readings, of the olden times when a board with the inscription, "This is Verona" or "This is Padua," was the only scenic aid imparted to the play, and if such actors as Mrs. Kemble existed then, in good sooth, but little other scenery was needed, so vividly does she bring the scene before the listener, so thoroughly does she vitalize each performer in that scene. Face, voice, and gesture in perfect consonance, the modesty of nature ne'er o'erstepped, each character given its full weight and importance, and no more; a voice full, resonant and majestic for the grand old Roman Coriolanus; rustic, big, and round for "bully Bottom;" beseeching, tender, piteous, merry, and dulcet in turns, for the other characters; who can wonder that with such causes such effects should be produced.

Mrs. Kemble's years sit most lightly upon her, and her voice has all the fulness, power, and freshness of youth; her nobly shaped head is slightly frosted o'er, but her countenance is full of fire and expression as of yore, and "the mind, the music breathing from her face," give a subtle charm to all she enunciates: she is one of the gifted ones of earth whom the Gods should not let die! It is superfluous to add that the large audiences were enchaind by the powers and swayed at the will of this greatest of readers and actresses, who with a masterly hand swept the strings of human feelings through their whole extent. We were struck with one—to be regretted—sign of the times, viz., the absence of the rising generation at these readings, there being few present who had not passed their sixth *lustrum*. We sincerely deplore that an entertainment appealing so preëminently to the intellect—not to the eyes alone—should be so thinly countenanced by our rising generation, which will indeed be more justly characterized as a sinking generation, if it allows itself to be Black Crook'd and ballet-ed out of intellectual existence, by the utterly unmeaning spectacles of modern New York times. 'Twere a marvellous happy thing for the city, if a law of the Empire could be enacted and promulgated ordering a reversal of attention, for a time, by transferring admiration from gaudy, stupid ballet and vacuous sensation plays, to mental aliment as offered by the great writers and their great exponents, worthiest among whom stands Frances Anne Kemble.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

Madison Square Church Collection of Sacred Quartettes, for the Service of the Presbyterian Church. Selected by Spencer W. Coe. Wm. A. Pond & Co., N. Y.

This is a large quarto book, oblong form, of one hundred and thirty-six pages, containing sixty-five Hymns and Psalms, and seventeen Anthems and Sentences, all of them either original or arranged from the works of modern composers. The composers contributing to this work are, as far as we can learn, Wm. K. Bassford, U. C. Burnap, and Dr. James Flint, gentlemen of acknowledged taste and ability, together with Messrs. Taylor and Millard, who have contributed one or two pieces. Many of the pieces have no signature appended. Are we, therefore, to attribute them to Mr. Spencer W. Coe? If so, they are creditable to his judgment and ability.

The character of the music of this collection assimilates with that at present in vogue at most of our fashionable churches, where quartette choirs prevail. It is rich and sensuous in harmony, and the warmth of its sentiment is calculated more to please and attract the ear than to inspire with devotional feelings, or to lead the thoughts to prayer. We miss that clear, honest diatonic harmony, that earnest breadth of expression, that pure thought which seeks rather to develop and strengthen the words, than to weaken and cover them by sweet turns of melody and the wealth of harmonic embroidery. It is difficult to elevate music to the dignity of prayer; it is easy to bring down psalmody to the level of meretricious sweetness. Such music cannot be dignified by the name of a school; it is the offspring of fashion and false taste, and will surely be evanescent in its existence. There is too

strong a desire at present prevailing to rob the stage to serve the church, but we have faith that before long the common sense of the majority will prevail, and the music of every religious denomination will be purified.

The Madison Square Collection, of its class, is an excellent book. The selected subjects are, with few exceptions, good, and appropriate to the peculiar style, and they are all, as we have previously said, richly harmonized, and by their arrangement are unquestionably effective, especially when sung by the excellent choir for which most of them were prepared. The contributors have done their work well. We must specially notice the contributions of Dr. James Flint, for the reasons that they are broader and more sedate in sentiment than the others, and that the melodies of some of them are very beautiful. They are all musicianly, and would bear a less free treatment.

Mr. Bassford's original pieces are charming, bearing strongly the impress of the composer's peculiar style. His arrangements are also good. Mr. U. C. Burnap has also done some clever things. Several of his melodies are free and flowing, but his harmonies bear so strong a family likeness throughout that they lose their personal identity in a measure.

To quartette choirs this work will prove very acceptable; it offers a large selection of tunes and anthems, all of which are attractive in character, ably treated and well voiced; it is got out in large, legible type, and is well printed on good paper. It is a work that hardly any good quartette choir would willingly do without.

The Jealous Stream.—Illustration of a poem written by George W. Fortmeyer, composed by Wm. K. Bassford. Chas. H. Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway.

This is a charming poetic thought, worked out with exquisite grace and tenderness. The subject is quaint and fanciful. A lover idling by the bank of a murmuring stream, dreaming as only lovers can dream, hears in the rippling of the waters a warning voice that tells of the inconstancy of woman, the vanity of human passion; compares her love to the fickle wind which wantons with the bosom of many waters, and toys faithlessly with all—the voice bearing ever the same burthen, "Thy love's an idle dream." At first the dreamer drinks in the insidious counsel and doubts; but

"Still as I cast a wondering glance
Upon the chiding stream,
And saw the sunlight o'er it glance
And 'mid its rippling gleam,
I, musing, thought, 'Might it not chance
To be a jealous stream?"

A sweet, seductive little stream
That would my dear love cross,
And bid me think it all a dream,
Deceitful, vain and false?
And so, to murmur on its way
I left the jealous stream,
Believing not, that summer day,
My love an idle dream!"

The opening subject in D flat is a tender, beautiful melody, surrounded by a light gossamer network of notes, as impalpable as the web of a fanciful thought, conveying a perfect sense of delicious *dolce far niente*. As the babbling stream becomes more earnest in its warning, the music changes, enharmonically, to a passionate agitato subject